

English Cruelties Rival the Turks'.

Armenian Outrages More Than Equaled by Murders in Africa---"Niggers" Murdered by the Hundred Because Their Land Has Gold in It.

London, July 9.—London has this week received the first intimation that her own soldiers in Africa are perpetrating outrages almost as great as the Turks' in Armenia. Here is a picture for you: Fifty men encamped in a defile in the mountains, two only on guard. They have been driven hard and sleep as though already dead. They have travelled forty miles in an endeavor to escape their pursuers, and when they went into camp believed they had at last shaken the enemy from the trail. But there are means of warfare not known to these fugitives. They may have seen a flash on a hill-top in the distance at sunset, but they could not know that that flash told that they were watched and that their watchers had seen them go into camp and had notified the bloodhounds that there was a chance to catch their quarry asleep.

And the men that got that message started at once. All night they marched, their sole purpose to kill. The men in the defile were making no attack. Indeed, they were hastening away from the vicinity of the others with what speed they could. Experience had taught them that they could not cope with the men in plumed helmets and red jackets. Under cover of the darkness of an African night the pursuers followed up their prey. Daybreak found them occupying every point of vantage about the hollow in the hills where the fifty men slept. Five rifles covered each of the sentries that guarded the Matabele camp. The first flash of the sun had not touched the hill-tops when these ten rifles rang out. The sentries sank to the ground dead. The troops of the Chartered South African Company know how to shoot.

Up sprang the sleeping savages. They are good soldiers, too. There was no disorder as they tried to escape this way and that. Whichever way they ran a volley beat them back. It was an entirely successful surprise. The sun was not an hour high before forty of the Africans were dead on the ground and the other ten bound captives in the midst of the white soldiers. They took those ten back to the village where their wives and children were, and before noon of that day these ten hung from a tree, where all could see and be warned of the folly of holding out against the advance of the white man.

The next day the cables brought the news all over the world of the battle in the Hills of the Moon; of the crushing defeat of the Matabele war party, and the enhanced glory and honor of the British army. The British officers were banqueted on their return. It was a thoroughly successful expedition. Nobody thought of calling it a massacre; that word is only applied when the savage employs the same tactics against the white man. This was a battle; an almost famous battle now.

Of course the excuse for it all is that the Matabeles drove out some miners who had no business to be where they were, and, as the miners would not be driven, some were killed.

The Matabele is not a white-winged angel; but Lobengula in his worst days never treated Bulawayo to as extensive a spectacle of murder as the troops of the Chartered Company have given it since the recent "outbreak" following Dr. Jameson's raid.

Killing 200 "niggers" is merely a day's diversion for the Chartered Company's troops. Shooting Matabeles has taken the place of elephant hunting as an exciting means of pleasure and adventure on the part of young Englishmen. It has even been suggested that it is "pot hunting" to mow them down with Maxim guns, instead of following the more sportsmanlike method of picking them off one by one by rifle fire. The Armenian atrocities have set all the world on fire with indignation. England has been longest in her courses of the Turk. The murders of unarmed men by Melgizos and other Spanish deputy butchers in Cuba have been cabled the world over. But hardly a word is said against the extermination of one of the finest tribes of South African aborigines. Of course there can only be one outcome. The end of the Matabeles will be the same as that that came to the Maoris in New Zealand and the Zulus near the Matabeles' own country. The race that stands in the way of British enterprise simply commits suicide. Cecil Rhodes has determined that Rhodesia shall extend to the northward. He did not bother the Matabeles until the discovery of gold mines and diamonds in their country. The Matabeles had not troubled the Europeans until the Europeans learned that their country was rich. Promptly the necessary "outbreak" was forthcoming. Nobody remembers exactly what it was, but it was enough to send the Chartered Company's soldiers to the northward. And ever since the butchering of the natives that country has been in progress. The reason for the long term of murder has been when the natives have gained a respite by retreating beyond the country immediately needed by the white men.

Of course, the answer to all of this is that the savage must always fall back before civilization. The Englishman points to the extermination of the American Indian as a precedent, and the survival of the fittest forms the text for many a military sermon. The case of the Matabeles may not be the first of the sort, but not since the days of the Spanish conquest of the Americas has the extinction of a race begun on a slighter pretext. We get some notion of the situation from a statement made by John L. Dube, a native Zulu and a son of the first native Christian preacher in South Africa.

Of the Matabele uprising he said: "This has been caused by the treatment given to the natives by the English. Rhodes and the other officials of the South African Company, we have found by fearful experience, are trying to put all they can in their own pockets by killing and plundering us. I am afraid that unless the company changes its method of treating the natives that there will be war for many years to come."

Even the English papers, or some of them, have found time between spasms over the glorious advance of British arms to comment on the crimes of Matabeleland. Truth, for instance, said: "The natives have been all along most cruelly treated. Their cattle have been

stolen by the officials of the chartered company, and when their crops nearly failed they broke out into a resistance. The company thought that this was an opportunity to wipe them out of existence, and its troops have been butchering them ever since."

Following is an extract from some letters written home by some young Englishmen in Bulawayo. They were published without comment in two British papers:

It is grand fun potting niggers off and seeing them fall like nincompoops. There have been two or three caught in the town lately and shot as spies. Crowds go to see it. They are stood ten yards off the firing party.



A MESSAGE FROM GEN. GOMEZ.

*Mr. Hearst, Editor of the Journal—
El Genl Gomez opina y le muestro
su gusto q' si no se concluye pronto
la guerra, Cuba oprimida de
mundo d' euasios mas tristes de
miseria y ruina, pues enton
diendo ellos que la riqueza de
Cuba es la causa de sus males
nos todo lo han de destruir—
Campana
15 Mayo 1896—
Mr. Gomez.*

TRANSLATION.

Mr. Hearst, Editor of the Journal:

General Gomez, as well as his officers and men, believe that if the war does not end soon, Cuba will offer to the world the sad spectacle of utmost misery and bloodshed, since they understand that Cuba's wealth is the cause of the yoke she bears and all must be destroyed.

In the field, May 25, 1896.

MAXIMO GOMEZ.

who all blame at them at once. It is quite a nice sight. One gets cotton and hardened, and does not object to seeing it.

Several patrols have been out for a few hours and come back, having killed a hundred or two natives. Yesterday morning was the best. Two hundred and fifty of our people went out. They killed over 200 in two hours' fighting.

There are bands of troops on the way up. Then the natives will have a warm time of it. They will nearly all get wiped out. That is the only way to settle it now. They were never conquered in the old war, but now they will be. Surrender is useless. We could never trust them again. Now the idea is to kill the greater portion of every tribe, and thus teach them a very bitter lesson. A 188

Yesterday three natives were hung for being spies. They were marched out of town about half a mile. Ropes were tied to branches of a tree. They were made to climb up; the rope was tied to their necks and they were made to jump off the tree and drop. One would not for some time; he would talk to Mr. Colman, who asked him at last, "Can you see Bulawayo?" The nigger said, "Yes." So Mr. Colman said, "Have a good look at it, for you will never see it again." So he did, then said, "Good-bye, Mr. Colman," then jumped off. The chief of the seven niggers was. They are still hanging as a warning to spies and natives.

This is from a letter published in a recent issue of the Daily Graphic:

"My stand has one big tree on it, and it is often used as a gallows. Yesterday there was a goodly crop of seven Matabele hanging there; to-day there are eight, the eighth being a nigger who was heard boasting to a companion that he had been to kill white men, and got back to town without being suspected."

"What with allowing a crew of gamblers in South Africa to hang natives, and allowing Egyptian regiments in North Africa to divide among themselves the captured women as the spoils of war, we certainly are introducing Christianity and civilization into the Dark Continent in a somewhat remarkable manner. Between it and the Turkish system of civilizing the Armenians, I fail to perceive any difference."

A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

Grover Flint, the Journal's Field Correspondent and Major in the Insurgent Army, Visits the Headquarters of the Cuban Government.

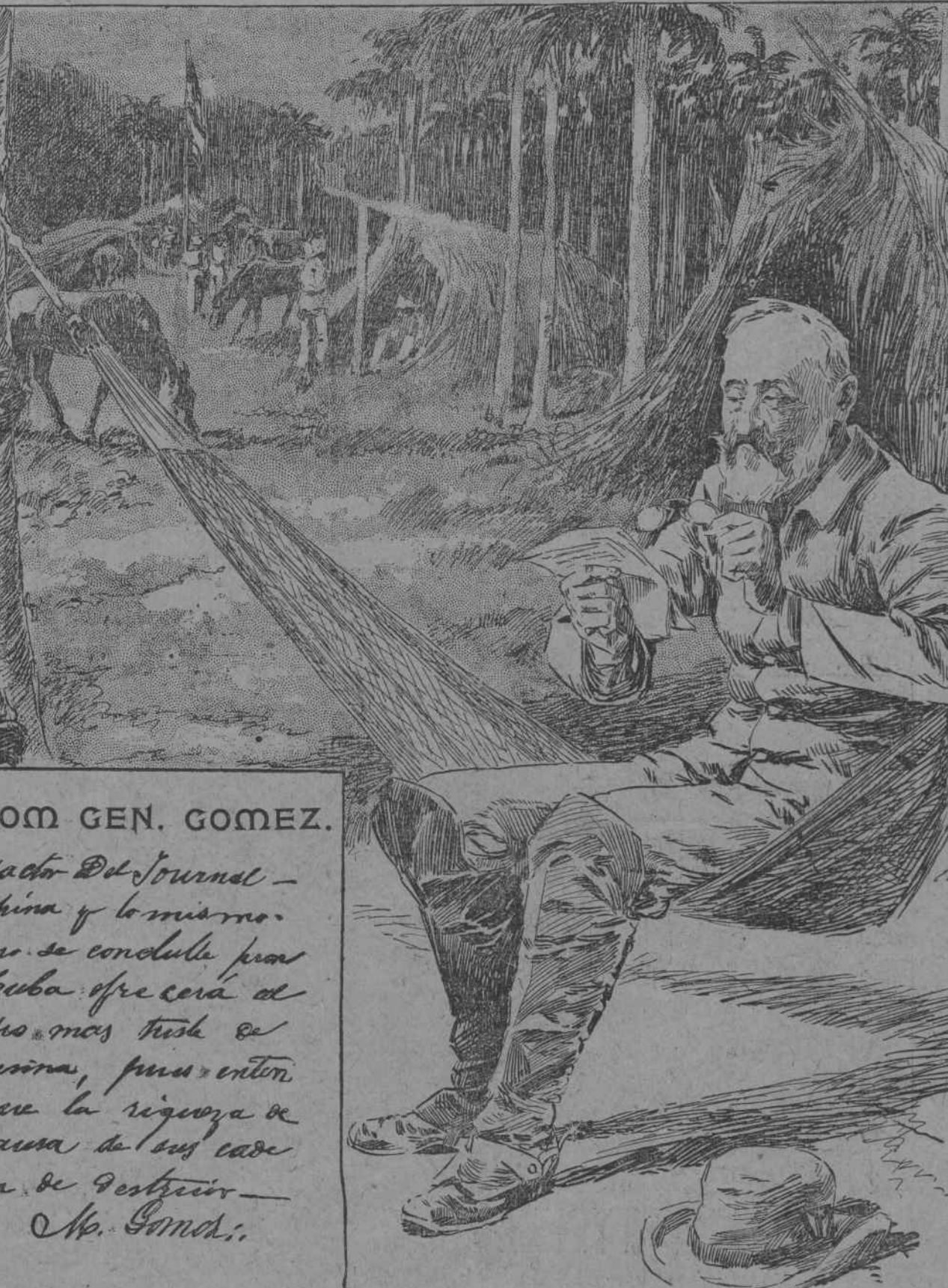
Headquarters, Cuban Government, Najazo, Puerto Principe Province, July 10.—This is the place where the delegates from the province met to adopt the Constitution and elect the President and Cabinet. It is a grassy plain, threaded by the Najazo River and under the shadow of the Sierra de Najazos. President Cisneros and the Government are encamped here, with an escort of 100 men, waiting for General Gomez, who is fourteen leagues from us, and marching this way.

I had a talk this evening with President Cisneros, as he lay snug in his hammock smoking an after dinner cigar. "What do you think of Mr. Cleveland's delay in granting the belligerency?" I ventured, touching on a time-worn question. "It is hard to give an opinion," said President Cisneros. "We

of the United States, and would be free, having our own laws, as your States do."

Annexation would certainly be an advantage to trade, but there are many opposed to it, and it is not a live question with us yet. One thing is certain: Cuba could never be annexed to Mexico, as Senator Morgan, I believe, has suggested. If she should annex to any republic on the mainland it would be to the United States only. Had the last war succeeded it would have been a certainty, but now it is not to be counted upon.

"There are others, too. There has been talk of a republic of the West Indies, consisting of Cuba, Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico. We could help Puerto Rico gain her freedom, and she would unite with us, for her people and ours are very sim-



President Cisneros at the Seat of Government.

lar, and many of them are fighting under our flag to-day. In Santo Domingo, too, we find a great sympathy, and many Dominicans are fighting with us. This is also a mere dream of the future."

"Have you any fear of a race war, when Cuba becomes independent?" "No," answered President Cisneros; "decidedly not! Our negroes are far superior to the colored race of the United States. They are naturally peaceful and orderly, and they desire to be white, and like the whites. In the last war we left our families, our wives and our daughters in the forests alone with them for days at a time, and never suffered outrage or annoyance at their hands. General Maceo has negro blood in him, and is the pride of us all. Our army has hundreds of gallant officers who are mulattoes. While the dark race of Cuba produces such men we have nothing to fear."

I then questioned President Cisneros as to his views on paying Spain a peace indemnity. "I am in favor of it," said the President, "but our younger officers are not; but they do not consider the loss of life, the destruction of the island that must follow the protraction of the war."

Though disposed to peace, President Cisneros echoed the voice of all Cubans, from the soldiers in the ranks to Maximo Gomez, the General-in-Chief: "We will never consent to autonomy. We will burn, destroy and reduce the island to ashes before we accept the Spanish yoke or the Spanish Government in any form."

The same line of thought is expressed in the message from General Gomez, which I forward by messenger to-day.

GROVER FLINT.

A DELUSIVE DRINK.
It Tastes Like an Alcoholic Concoction, but does not intoxicate, and is said to be much relished by the man who has sworn off.

The preparation consists of white sugar, brown sugar, hulled barley, hops, coriander seed, extract of violet, elder flowers, vinegar and water, in the proportion of 2½ pounds of the first to an equal part of the second, half as much of the third, 455 grains Troy of the fourth an equal amount of the fifth, 387½ grains Troy of the sixth, 1½ pints of the seventh, and a trifle under 11 gallons of the eighth. These are all put into a suitable cask, with a square hole at the bung, 4½ to 5 inches on a side; the ingredients being thoroughly mixed in the cask with a paddle before the water is added, and the sugar being put in first of all. After eight days of infusion the mixture is strained into bottles and strongly corked. Four days thereafter it is ready for use.

A RAILROAD WRITING DESK
With This Invention at Hand It is as Easy to Write on a Train as Anywhere Else.

Travelers on railroads have long hoped for the invention of an appliance, which would enable them to write without difficulty on board a train while in motion. The little tables that are fixed to the side of a palace car do not meet the purpose, as the vibration of the train is felt, and sudden curves can "slip off the pen."

A German railroad has just been equipped with an appliance which is said to work well. It is a board suspended from the ceiling by strong but elastic cords, which not only prevent vibration, but the swaying motion of the car is not communicated. A "kick" charge is made for the use of this swinging desk.

What Is the Best and Safest Drink?

An Instructive Discussion by Prominent Doctors as to Which Alcoholic Liquor Is Least Injurious.

Which of the alcoholic liquors is the least injurious and the safest and best for man to drink?

This is a difficult question to answer, and an important one nowadays, when so much drinking is done. The following instructive collection of opinions by our best known physicians and specialists upsets some popular theories of the uses and abuses of alcoholic drinks.

The physicians contributing to this interesting discussion are Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia; Dr. Austin Flint and Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York; Dr.

may it not be exceedingly probable that the greater the percentage of alcohol contained in any particular kind of liquor the more rapidly will a morbid appetite for alcoholic stimulation be cultivated? I must, therefore, give it as my opinion that the least injurious of all alcoholic liquors, and, therefore, the one that is the safest and the best for men to drink, is the one which contains the smallest percentage of alcohol, and it is for these reasons that I should recommend beer or some of our light native wines in preference to any and all other alcoholic beverages.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

Any form of alcoholic drink must inevitably and infallibly be injurious. There is scarcely a tissue in the body that is not affected deleteriously by alcohol. Many of the claims that have been made for advantages derived from the use of alcohol have been positively disproven.

It is a popular notion that alcohol "keeps out the cold," and many persons make that an excuse for taking it when exposed to severe weather. Yet, Dr. Franz Biegol, an eminent German physician and scientist, made upon a large number of men a series of elaborate investigations and experiments which show that, instead of keeping us warm, alcohol, even in moderate doses, in most cases causes a lowering of the temperature of the body, a result that has been fully confirmed by the experience of Arctic explorers. So, at the very time when certain scientists believed that alcohol had heat-producing power and were teaching that doctrine, had learned that the free use of spirits, instead of fortifying men against exposure to cold, actually reduced their power of resistance to it.

Since, then, all alcoholic drinks are injurious, it is very evident to common sense that those must be the least so which contain the smallest proportion of alcohol.

N. S. DAVIS.

After many years' careful study of the subject in all its bearings, I am firmly convinced that whiskey is the least injurious and therefore the safest and best of all the alcoholic liquors for men to use. I am perfectly well aware that many very high medical authorities are of the opinion that drinks containing the smallest percent of alcohol, such as beer and wine, are, that reason, the least injurious. Doubtless this would be true of an equal quantity of those mild fluids as compared with an equal quantity of distilled liquors, but a man who drinks beer will take a great number of glasses of it in the course of a day—in some instances as many as twenty-five or thirty, or even more. The whiskey drinker, on the contrary, will not take more than three or four of his.

As a consequence, the beer drinker takes a great deal more alcohol into his stomach, and has much larger quantities of it constantly in his blood and tissues than the whiskey drinker. The more constantly alcohol is present in the system the more quickly does it ruin the nervous system, the liver, kidneys, bladder, blood vessels and heart. The man who drinks two or three quarts of beer or wine a day, but is never "under the influence of liquor" in his whole life, is much more certain to feel the evil influence of alcohol upon his system than he who does not touch liquor for two or three months, and then goes on "a whiskey drunk" which lasts for several days or a week. Occasional excess in any thing injurious is not so detrimental as constant indulgence.

Then again by the excessive quantity of fluid which the heavy beer or wine drinker takes he imposes a much heavier task upon his kidneys and bladder than does the drinker of distilled liquors. It is a statement frequently made that it is not a moderate use of alcohol which does harm, but the abuse of it. This is as foolish an error as it is an unfortunate one. In the United States thousands of people are annually made victims of the very worst forms of organic diseases simply by this moderate but habitual use of alcoholic drinks, such as beer and light wines, containing only a very small percentage of alcohol, and they are people who have never known the slightest sensation of drunkenness in their whole life and never will.

FRANK H. WADE.

Everything has its good and bad sides. The only good use of alcoholic liquors is taught in the Bible: "Work." A healthy person can indulge in none of these drinks without injury. If, however, there is any choice, I would favor old Scotch whiskey or a good rye. But the best advice that can be given for the use of these stimulating beverages is—"don't."

WILLIAM M. POLK.

There is no best in alcoholic drinks. In health they should be left entirely alone. In sickness they can often be taken with good results. Even then they must be used with extreme caution.

Drinking alcoholic beverages in health is a matter of taste and luxury. They are then of no benefit. The men who have done the world's best work were those who did not drink. Occasionally a man under the influence of a bottle of liquor has produced something worthy of mention. Yet so a man always dies without accomplishing his best possibilities.

ROBERT A. MURRAY.

This question concerning alcoholic drink is simply a matter of use or abuse. The use of them by the average healthy person is all right, but the abuse is not. Too much meat is unhealthy, and so is too much grain corn. But the Lord Almighty put these good things here for man to enjoy in a moderate way.

The kind of alcoholic drink that is the least injurious, the safest and the best for man to drink depends upon the constitution of the person drinking it. The Germans consume large quantities of beer and the Scotchman indulges most freely in old Scotch whiskey. Either taken in the same way would kill the average American. My favorite drink is beer. If I am overworked in winter and greatly rushed, I take a little whiskey, but I know where to stop. Some men do not, and they should leave it all alone. In disease alcoholic stimulants are necessary, in health they can be dispensed with. Still I consider the man crank who strongly advocates teetotalism.

EGBERT H. GRANDIN.

The great curse of alcoholic liquors is that their use creates a morbid appetite—a constantly increasing desire for more—in many cases. Many men who begin to use alcoholic liquors in great moderation find themselves gradually craving larger and larger quantities. Liquor drinking is one of those things of which it may truly be said that "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on."

Since this is unquestionably the case,